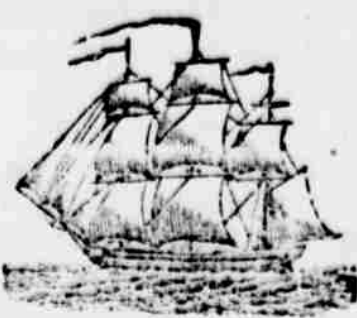


MARINE NEWS.



PORT OF HONOLULU.

ARRIVED.

May 2,	Br. Brig Hebe, Anderson, London; 21 days from St. Blas.
" 3,	Br. Whale bark Indian, Maugham, London, 10 ms. 500 bbls.
" 8,	Am. Whale ship Obed Mitchell, Ray, Nantucket; 31 ms. 600 bbls.
" 12,	Am. Whale ship Abigail, Cox, New Bedford; 9 ms. 300 bbls.
" 13,	Am. Whale ship Midus, Coggeshall, New Bedford; 26 ms. 1200 bbls.
" 15,	Am. Whale ship Charles Frederick, Brown.
" "	Br. Brig Clementine, Walker, from Valparaiso — via Gambiers and Marquesas — Midze. to the owner.
" 16,	Am. Whale bark Equator.
" 21,	Am. Whale bark North America, Richards, New London; 7 ms. 150 bbls. Put into repair, having been ashore at the Gallapagos. Amount of damage not ascertained.
" 22,	Br. Whale ship Active, Brooks, London, 21 ms. 1200 bbls.
" 30,	Am. Whale ship Catherine, Brown, Nantucket; 259 bbls. 12 ms.
June 5,	Br. Big Fly, Wilson, Valparaiso and Calao; 35 days from latter place.
" 6,	Am. Bark Don Quixote, J. Paty, Mazatlan.

SAILED.

May 5,	Brig Hebe, Anderson, for Manila.
" 8,	Bark Indian, Maugham, whaling.
" 9,	Ship Obed Mitchell, Ray, whaling.
" 12,	Ship Abigail, Cox, whaling.
" 14,	Sch. Morse, Fitch, for California.
" 18,	Bark Equator, whaling.
" 19,	Ship Charles Frederick, Brown, whaling.
" 21,	Ship Konohassett, Waterman, Manila.
" 26,	Ship Midus, Coggeshall, whaling.
" 29,	Brig Clementine, Walker, Hawaii.
June 1,	Ship Catherine, Brown, whaling.

MEMORANDA.

We are indebted to the politeness of Mr. Olmsted for the following extract from his journal, containing the particulars of the accident to the Bark North America.

"On Friday evening, April 10th, we made Chatham Island, the most eastern of the Gallapagos group, then twenty or thirty miles distant. Few of us will forget the dangers of that night, and our narrow escape from shipwreck upon a barren and uninhabited island. Sometime after midnight, I heard the officer of the watch come down and ask Capt. R. some question regarding the course of the ship. Receiving an answer, he went upon deck, and immediately called out to Capt. R. to come up. Roused by the earnestness of his tone, I was wondering what could be the cause of it, when I heard the roaring of the surf, and immediately the ship thumped heavily against the rocks. All hands hurried upon deck, where the situation of the ship appeared to be deplorable enough. On the leeward side, the high outlines of Canton Island, rose gloomily up from the sea not more than a quarter of a mile off, while on the starboard side was a small rock about a ship's length off, forming a part of the ledge, upon which the ship thumped heavily every few minutes. Upon this rock were several seals, whose dismal howls rendered the scene the more terrible. Instantly one of the boats was lowered, and proceeded to sound in the neighborhood of the ship. Close under our lee bow there was but nine feet of water! (The North America drawing eighteen feet.) They sounded again, a little ahead and found two fathoms. The ship was evidently fast upon a ledge of rocks extending between the island and the rock on our starboard side. We now endeavored to haul her off from the ledge stern foremost, by planting a small anchor astern of the ship. This prevented her being carried upon the ledge any farther, and swung her bow off a little. As she continued to thump heavily, the probability of our being obliged to leave the ship seemed almost certain. Small casks were filled with water to be put into the boats, in case we were obliged to abandon the wreck suddenly. It was the universal opinion that the ship would go to pieces before long, as the continued thumping upon the rocks seemed to forebode her certain destruction. Most providentially for us, the wind was light and there was but little swell in the narrow channel where we lay. Upon our starboard bow the water was deeper, and our only hope for the preservation of the ship appeared to be in being able to get one of our anchors ahead where there was more water, and then to "warp" her off the rocks. To accomplish this, we were obliged to make a raft for transporting the heavy anchors. For this purpose all the spare spars were cast loose, and prepared for

launching. A topmast and another large spar were just about to be launched, when the captain, who stood upon the tailerel suddenly exclaimed, "The ship's afloat, cast off the stern line." The line was immediately cut, the wheel put hard to port, and the ship glided past the ledge of rocks into deeper water."

Caution to Whaler's, touching at the Marquesas.

The Catherine touched at Nukahiva Bay, Marquesas, for recruits. Capt. Brown hearing that a good trade could be carried on, on the opposite side of the island, went there in his boat to barter with the natives, who having enticed him ashore, seized him, and demanded forty muskets and six kegs of gunpowder for his ransom—Capt. B. not having that quantity on board his vessel, could not comply with their demands, at which they became much enraged, and gave him to understand that the next day he should be roasted and eaten—That night they made preparations for their feast, bound their prisoner, and finally fell asleep. Among their number was a Spanish boy, who was of considerable consequence among them.

He watching his opportunity, cut capt. B's bonds, led him from the house, and conducted him safely to the friendly tribe, the Tyboes who protected him until he reached his ship. The hostile tribe soon followed, demanded their prisoner, and a fight ensued, resulting in the death of two of each party; when having had fighting enough, they adjourned sine die, settling the matter by a feast.

P. S.—The above was written agreeably to the rumor prevalent in town at the time—But since having made particular inquiries, we learn that the capt. having gone ashore to trade, was detained by the natives six days, and the above mentioned ransom demanded, before he made his escape—During this time he was holding intercourse with his ship, which he ordered round to Nukahiva Bay, where he embarked. So far from any feeling of fear from these same cannibals, he returned to their bay again, pulled to the shore in his boat, and traded away some tobacco—The second mate who was in the boat at the time the capt. was captured and made no attempt to rescue him then demanded his discharge, uttering terrible threats against Capt. Brown, if he did not comply. He received his discharge, and went ashore immediately, and joined the offending tribe. We have been thus particular in looking into this affair, from perceiving how generally believed the first account was, showing how common it is to believe any report, however injurious to savage character, without due inquiry into all the accompanying circumstances. In this case, we should not at all be surprised to learn that the discharged officer was implicated to some degree, in this transaction.

Fly reports ship Europa, Oahu, arrived at Valparaiso, March 10th.

Same day U. S. ship Lexington, Capt. Clack, sailed for United States.

U. S. frigate Columbia, Commodore Read, was at Valparaiso, being detained on the coast on account of expected disturbances.

The Don Quixote brings news of importance, but too late for insertion of particulars in this number. Fresh disturbances in California—foreigners imprisoned, excepting Frenchmen. Boundary question between United States and Great Britain, unsettled.

By the politeness of Mr. Thurston we have been favored with the following letter, containing an affecting account of the loss of the S. I. schooner Keola, embracing a touching record of conjugal love, seldom if ever surpassed. Faithfulness like that described in the letter, is something more than the mere instinct of a savage. It ennobles its possessor, if her skin is dark, and renders her worthy of a page in the records of "Noble deeds of women."

Lahaina, May 21, 1840.

DEAR BRO. THURSTON:—As the Kinanau is soon expected to sail for Oahu, I will write a few words. You have heard, I suppose, the report of the loss of the vessel, Keola, as the report reached here just as Br. Green was sailing for Oahu. The same day that he sailed the persons who escaped arrived here, and told us all the sad particulars. You will be afflicted to learn, that our friend Mauae is among those who were lost. As his wife is among the saved, and as they both swam about twenty-five miles together before he died, we have a full account of him to the last. What is wonderful beyond description is that his wife carried him when he could no longer swim himself, and carried him till after he was dead. She left him when they were in less than one quarter of a mile of the shore of Kahoolawe.

There are supposed to have been in all between thirty and forty persons on board, only four of whom have escaped. These are wife Mauae, the wife of Thompson, and two young men who belonged to the vessel.

The following is a brief history of this melancholy affair:—The Keola left Lahaina for Kawaihau, Saturday evening, May 9th, in a somewhat leaky condition, as all were aware by the amount of pumping required. The next day, (Sabbath,) after dinner, they were in sight of Kahoolawe point, which was not at a very great distance, nothing of Maui could be seen but Kahaleakala, and Kahoolawe was lost in the misty distance. The wind was strong, and, as the young men say, the stone ballast rolled over to leeward—they put it back again, and soon after, two barrels of molasses and a cask of water, but poorly blocked up, rolled to leeward. This is supposed to have been the immediate cause of the disaster, tho' as the vessel had been aground five times since she was examined, she might have been very weak. Her bows were thrown so suddenly under, that it is supposed that some who were lying in the hold were never extricated; but went down with the vessel. Thompson was writing in the cabin, and had little more than time to get on deck. The natives were soon all in the ocean; and Thompson, poor man, unprepared, was hanging to a part of the stern still above water, while Mauae who had held morning prayers and conducted Sabbath services with the people in the forenoon, now, in the water, called the natives around and implored help from on high. Having asked help of God, they then looked about to see what they could do to help themselves.

A current was setting to the North, so that none thought of swimming for Hawaii. Thompson could not swim at all—he threw out an oar on which he and his wife left—by her aid and the current, they proceeded towards Kahoolawe. Monday morning he died, and she landed in the forenoon with the oar on Kahoolawe. A vigorous young man seized the cover of the hatchway for himself and little brother—the boy died before daylight, Monday, but the older one reached Kahoolawe at 7 or 8 in the morning; while a very slender youth, who had been weakly, left the vessel without any help but his skill in swimming, and landed on the same shore before morning.

Mauae and his wife took each a covered bucket for a *mouo*, and having thrown away the contents, they tied some of their garments around them, and swam for Kahoolawe. They had three young men with them who disappeared one after another, either by drowning, or going in different directions. Some were in sight on Sabbath—but during the night all disappeared and left them to pursue their watery way alone. Monday morning Kahuwahine's bucket came to pieces, and she swam without any thing till afternoon, when Mauae became too weak to proceed—they stopped—she *lomi'd* him till he was able to swim again—they now went on till they had Kahoolawe in full view—but Mauae became more feeble than before—so she took his bucket—he held to the hair of her head, and so she dragged him—but soon his hand slipped, and she tried in vain to rouse him even to such an effort. She told him he

must pray—he commenced, but could utter only a sentence or two. She then put his arms around her neck, held them with one hand, and made for the shore. When as near the shore as where small vessels anchor at Lahaina, and after they had been swimming 28 or 30 hours, she found he was entirely dead, and leaving him reached the shore near night—but she was much exhausted, was on the opposite side from the only settlement, her eyes were so affected she could not see for a while, and she was a stranger there, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, she looked around in vain for inhabitants nothing to eat all the time, and she would have perished but that there had been considerable rain, and she found water standing in some of the brooks. Friday morning she found some watermelons growing, and after eating one, was discovered by some fishermen, and was by them conducted to the village, and the next day brought here. The young men were as lively when they reached here, as before they were wrecked the women somewhat exhausted—Their preservation we record as almost miraculous. I have written all these particulars because I supposed you would be interested to know them and probably others wish to hear them. Two of the chh. members of Puna were lost one named Kanakaokai—the name of the other I have not ascertained. There was a Spaniard from Waimea on board.

Mauae was at our houses just before they left—had called once or twice before—appeared tender and humble—my impression was that he had made advance in grace since we lived at Hawaii."

From the Knickerbocker.

It is not many months since, that I had been travelling day and night, over roads of iron, for nearly a week, until my sense of hearing was almost destroyed, by the continued *fiz, fiz-fiz, fiz-fiz*, of a steam-engine, the incessant ding-ding, ding-ding, of the alarm bell, and the prolonged rumble, rumble, rumble, of the rail car's wheels. My eyes, too, were well nigh destroyed by sparks of fire, and flying ashes; but above all, from the want of rest and sleep. It will be readily imagined, therefore, that it was with no ordinary degree of pleasure, that I exchanged a seat with an upright wooden back, in a rail-road car, for the almost by-gone luxury of a couch-like seat in an old-fashioned stage-coach, which was to take me to the place of my destination. A blessing rest upon those old-time conveyances, the bare mention of which calls up a thousand recollections of social pleasures, that come thronging and fluttering about the nib of my pen, like moths around a bright light, on a summer evening! But, beautiful creatures! I can only apostrophize you now. Some other time, I will impale you upon the end of my quill, and preserve your slight forms in ink.

The day was remarkably fine; our road lay through the pleasantest parts of pleasant Connecticut, near the picturesque valley of the Housatonic; our cattle were sleek and fine looking; the driver was civil, and decently dressed; and the coach itself was a miracle. There was not a rent in the curtains, nor a spring out of order. There were but two passengers, beside myself, one of whom was one of those good-natured humorists, who I believe live all their lives in stage-coaches, for I never met with one any where else; and the other was an invalid, with his face tied up so that he could not speak.

To be continued.